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WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

VOL. XXI. NO. 13.

## Refuge of Oppression.

From the Syracuse Star.  
GEORGE THOMPSON, M. P.  
This person, a member of the British Parliament, was a prominent speaker at the late abolition convention in this city. He is not without power as an orator, but at the same time offensively egotistical, and indifferently vulgar. They who attended the meetings with the expectation of hearing a high-toned English statesman, must have been woefully disappointed as they listened to the stale blackguardism of the Cockney Thompson.

Mr. Thompson came to this country in the pay of the British Anti-Slavery Society, with the avowed object of agitating the slavery question. Of the gross impropriety of such a procedure, there can be but one opinion, except among a class who have little delicacy on any subject. British journals of the highest character condemn his course in decided language. The press of this country, without distinction of party, condemns it—with few exceptions, and those of the quasi abolition school, whose conductors are content to secure a few abolition votes to elect a constable or a village trustee in some remote hamlet, where the people are still voting for General Jackson.

The object of Mr. Thompson's mission is, we presume, to abolish slavery in the United States. Allowing that the abolition of slavery here is desirable, by what right, let us inquire, does this British blackguard reviler of our institutions thrust himself into this matter? Who requested his assistance—who authorized him to meddle in an affair exclusively pertaining to the American people? Slavery exists in the Southern States alone. If Mr. George Thompson be so ardent a friend of the blacks as to cross the ocean in their behalf, why does he not cross the Potomac, as Governor Chapin did, and attack the "peculiar institution" in its stronghold? An Englishman should be a man of pluck. Is this member of the British Parliament so unlike the generosity of his countrymen as to prefer a fight with slavery at a distance to a close encounter with the terrific monster? Is he such an ardent coward as to leave to his personal staff, should he make an excursion to the South? A reformer should be made of sterner stuff. The leading Whigs of the Revolution were for a long time in imminent danger of the gallows; but neither John Hancock, nor Patrick Henry, nor Samuel Adams, betrayed the cause of liberty on that account. Is not Thompson willing to make as great sacrifices for the poor, down-trodden blacks, as those great champions of liberty did for the blacks? He may talk till doomsday in New York against slavery, and not emancipate a single slave. If he be really desirous of abolishing the institution, and if he feel it in his bones that he is the man to do it, his proper course is to take the field at once in Maryland, and endeavor to convince the people of that State of the wickedness and injustice of slavery. After effecting this, let him proceed to Virginia, and adopt a similar course, and so on through the Southern and South Western States, until not a vestige of slavery shall remain. It is true he might, in the course of his tour, be sometimes annoyed with unsavory eggs, dead cats, and similar missiles; but what is a spoiled egg or a dead cat to a champion of liberty? Shall the rottenness of eggs be mentioned in the same day with the rottenness of slavery? Shall a dead cat be weighed in the balance with a dead negro? Do the advocates of emancipation expect to find their path strewn with roses? If not, the fragrant scent of Africa's "higher" perfume than the rose-gardens of Blandford? Is not a man and a brother? Will they leave him to perish in bondage, while they are reveling in the joys of liberty? Shall the name of equal men be exalted among the nations? Shall Sumner and Pomeroy never attain the Senatorial dignity? Alas! we lost not—so long as Thompson and his coadjutors decline to grapple with the "peculiar institution" of the South, as men who are earnest, and who are determined to succeed.

From the Rochester Daily Advertiser.

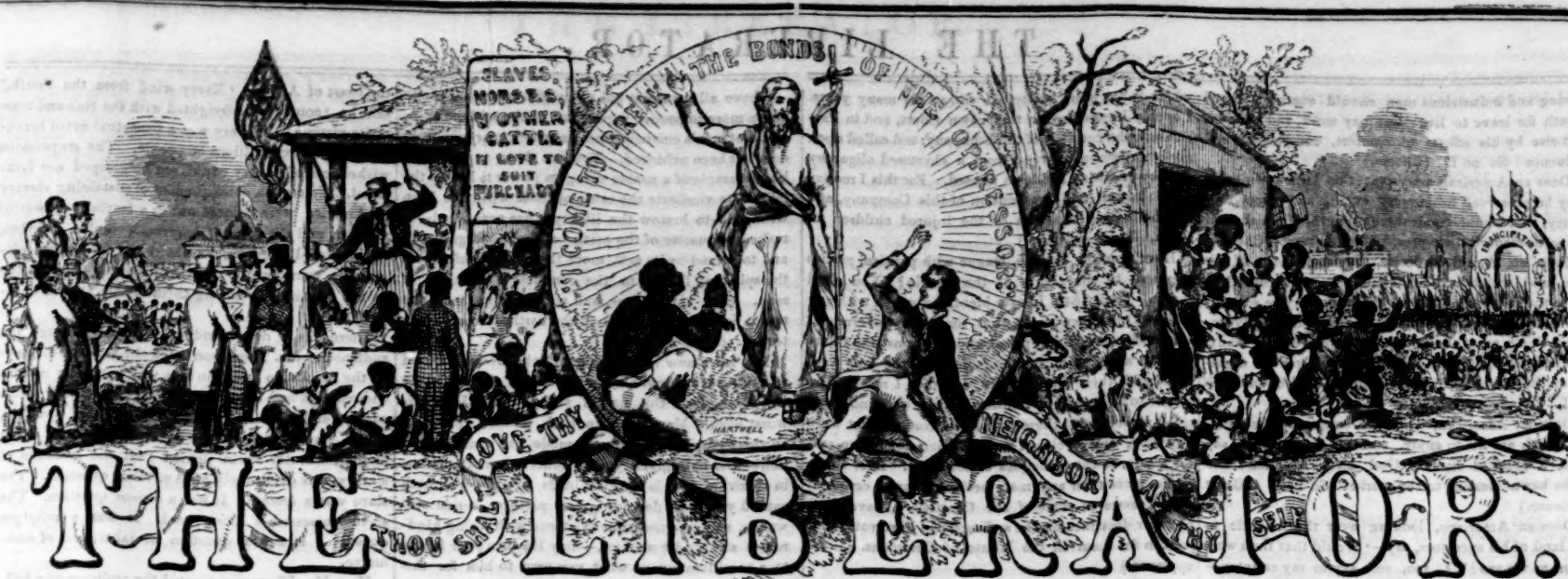
**FIRST ADVENT OF THE CONSPIRATORS.**  
George Thompson, the British Spy and Emisary of the Parliament of England, with his co-conspirators—the traitors who disgrace the name of every thing American—excepting, however, their advent among our possible citizens yesterday. They met with the most suitable and proper reception—and that was, the silent contempt of our citizens.—The only thing observable that was any way unusual, was a small dark stream of woolly heads, and a few of their pale-faced "brethren," with a sprinkling of here and there a respectable citizen, whose conduct was temporarily neutralized by his spirit of contempt—wrenching their way to the rendezvous where the conspirators were to congregate. Here, in isolated groups, not filling one-fifth of the seats in the room, they sat, waiting the advent of the British Lion, and his motley troupe—but they came not at the appointed hour. Our contemporary, the *American*, thus notices the affair:

"When four o'clock came, the H. was sparsely attended, when it was announced that Mr. T. had come, but was too late to talk. Mr. Fred. Douglass then occupied the expected space, and wound up with a few complimentary remarks, and a few kicks at the British Abolitionists. A species of regard for Freedom of speech highly commendable in Mr. Douglass, who is himself guilty upon the subject, but as likely as any one to take when any of his favorite errors are exposed.

"The abolitionists' influences created by these displays of 'niggerology,' soon compelled the noisy audience to disperse and seek the fresh air, which they succeeded in doing, without any very serious disaster.

"And thus terminated the first abortion of these demagogues in making a demonstration upon the city of Rochester. During the day, agents were coming the city from store to store, and shop to shop, offering their people free tickets of admission, and urging them to the most beseeching manner to go to the gathering. And notwithstanding all these efforts, to the last hour of Rochester, there landed, out of her 40,000 citizens, not more than a few miserable wretches to countenance these miserable agitators.

This is the best proof of this silent contempt of our citizens.



# THE LIBERATOR.

OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.

BOSTON, MASS., FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1851.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!

THE U. S. CONSTITUTION A COVENANT WITH DEATH,  
AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.

"Yes! it cannot be denied—the slaveholding lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to secure the perpetuity of their dominion over their slaves. The first was the immunity, for twenty years, of preserving the African slave trade; the second was the stipulation to surrender fugitive slaves—an engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God, delivered from Sinai; and, thirdly, the exaction, fatal to the principles of popular representation, of a representation for slaves—for articles of merchandise, under the name of persons. . . . To call government thus constituted a democracy, is to insult the understanding of mankind. It is doubly tainted with the infection of riches and slavery. Its reciprocal operation upon the government of the nation is to establish an artificial majority in the slave representation over that of the free people, in the American Congress, and thereby to make the PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION AND PERPETUATION OF SLAVERY THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

J. B. YERRINTON & SON, PRINTERS.

WHOLE NO. 1055.

## The Liberator.

CONVENTION AT AUBURN—RECEPTION  
OF GEORGE THOMPSON.

(CONCLUDED.)

The principal portion of the afternoon session was occupied by Mr. Thompson. The house was thronged, and the people were very anxious to hear him. Beside the citizens, there were many in from the neighboring towns. Mr. Thompson, on rising, was received with plaudits, such as are usually awarded only (in theatrical parlance) to old and established favorites. He thanked the assembly, and said, that 'as the resolutions which had just been read referred to the position which the various religious denominations in this country occupied on the question of slavery, he should improve the time allotted to him by describing the main characteristics of the anti-slavery movement down to the period of the abolition of British colonial slavery. The following is but a sketch of the honorable gentleman's discourse.

'The most prominent feature in the great struggle which eventuated in the overthrow of the African slave trade, and the extinction of slavery, was the truly Christian character of the conflict. Christian in its origin, in its motives, in its machinery, in its weapons, in its agents, in its triumph.

It was Christian principle, and a conviction of Christian duty, which led the Quakers of olden days to break the yoke of bondage from the necks of their slaves. All honor to them for the deed! Would that the mantles of the Sais, the Sandifords, the Bateses, the Woolmans, the Benetoes, the Hickses, the Scotts, the Withersalls, and the Savages had descended upon their children!

It was Christian principle which guided that great man, GRANVILLE SHARPE, to those conclusions, which, with his own masterly pen, he spread before the world.

It was Christian principle which moved, animated, sustained and guided the immortal CLARKSON all through his labors of sixty-three years, and cheered him at the close with the prospect of rest in the realms of liberty and love, where the great Redeemer waits to embrace the friend of the fugitive slave.

It was Christian principle that led WILBERFORCE to consecrate his matchless eloquence to the sacred cause of human rights. Wilberforce was a devout student of the Bible. He was a man of prayer. He went from his knees, and from communion with his God, to the Senate house, to plead the cause of the millions of Africa.

It was Christian principle, in its influence upon the consciences of the people of Great Britain, which led them to grapple with the sordid and cruel spirit prevalent in the commercial and marine cities of my country, and which finally triumphed over Mammon and Moloch.

It was the hand of a Christian which swept the lyre when CONWELL sang of the wrongs of the slave—when ROSCOE poured his hallowed lays upon the breeze, and MONTGOMERY carried his entranced readers to the—

—'Isles of the orange and lime,  
Where bland are the breezes, delightful the clime.'  
It was Christianity that fed the holy flame of zeal and sympathy that finally, in its concentrated fervor, consumed the scourges and fetters of inhuman oppression.

It was Christianity that opened to me for years the temples of Great Britain, whether the worshippers in those temples were the followers of Fox, of Wesley, of Whitfield, of Calvin, of Fuller, or of Knox.

And when, at last, the hour struck that saw the night of slavery end, and the golden sunlight of freedom dawn upon the islands of the west, it was a Christian people that crowded the halls and churches of the father-land, to thank God that a great curse had been removed—a great crime abandoned—and a great blessing bestowed upon humanity.

What, then, can Christian England think of slaveholding America? It is not simply astonishment, it is absolute horror that takes hold of the enlightened Christian, when he looks over the Atlantic and surveys the huge fabric of slavery here, guarded by the nominal preachers and ministers of Jesus Christ!

The church denies the Bible to the slave, and cares more for the gold ingots which the rich man piles on the altar, than for the souls of the millions who are perishing in chains. Had I come here as a friend of slavery, I had been received into the best society. The merchant would have invited me to his princely mansion, and I should have been a guest at his table; for from the wealthy and great of my own land, I could have brought the letters of introduction which would have made me the welcome guest of the nominal prince, the scheming politician, or the hireling priest. If I had been the friend of slavery, even Henry Clay would not have hesitated to give me a chair on the floor of the U. S. Senate chamber. But I hate oppression! and therefore the oppressors, and the dependants and retainers of oppression, from the member of Congress down or up to the vernal scabbard of a Hunker newspaper, all with one consent hate me.

I came not here as the enemy of America. I love her. I love her clear skies, her magnificent rivers, her vast forests, her wide prairies, her lofty mountains. I hate nothing in America but slavery, and that is not an institution which belongs to a geosocial country. Such a country and such a people should not be linked to such a curse, or cherish within their bosom such a source of degradation and woe.

I have a right to speak on all questions which have to do with the welfare of the race, for I am a man, and the slave is my brother man; and when I see him trampled down, I shall speak for him, and in doing so, I recognize no color, no prejudice. I had not legislative edicts or geographical lines. It is enough for me to know that he is crushed beneath the heel of the oppressor, and that I am bound to speak for him, and demand for him what cannot speak for himself, the right which God gave him to enjoy equally with myself.

It is a matter of surprise that the people of this country bear so patiently the efforts of the slave Power and its abettors to extend its influence. Why?

I am told, on good authority, that your members of Congress have been extensively engaged, during the last session, in franking to their friends and constituents in the Northern and free States, as well as in the South, a vast quantity of sermons by reverend divines of the free States, sustaining the Fugitive Slave Law from the Bible! I am told that huge piles of this wretched theological prolixity (great laughter) have been seen in different places at Washington, and that it has been liberally distributed to any one who would carry it away. (Laughter.) Yet these representatives of yours were sent up to Washington to take care of the interests of the people; but the interests of slavery demand their tender care and constant devotion.

But we are told that this system of slavery is divine! Well, then, let us see if its origin and introduction into America was divine. How came it here? Why, one day there arrived at the Virginia colony on James river, two Dutch slave traders, and the people of that colony, thinking it better to rob others of the means of living than to labor honestly for themselves, purchased the wretched slaves from the Dutchmen; and thus commenced slavery in this country. Was any thing said about its being a 'divine institution' then? Did they buy the slaves simply out of regard to the will of God, and to carry out his curse on Ham? Did those colonies rush down to the river side, and there on their knees ask God to bless their pious devotion to his decrees? This devotion to the will of God would, I think, certainly have been chronicled, had it existed. What now if the planters should find out that slavery was not profitable to them, and therefore they had better give it up—do you think the good souls would hold on to it because they believed it to be a 'divine institution'?

Do you think they would be willing to forego their pecuniary advantages to carry out the will of God? Do you believe that one of the hireling priests who now defend it from the Bible, would find texts to defend it when the interests of their slaveholding masters required that the system should be abolished? Do you think we should hear so much of 'Paul sending Onesimus back to Philemon,' if it was money out of pocket to the slaveholder to have the fugitive sent back? O, my friends, if it were a divine institution, it would stand but a poor chance at the South—they would certainly send it to conscientious New England, to be cherished and fostered there!

Mr. Thompson finished his speech, of which the above is but a faint sketch, amid the most earnest expressions of the approbation of the assembly, and the meeting adjourned till evening.

At the commencement of the evening session, Mr. Foster spoke to a resolution denouncing the Church in general of the free States, which, to this hour, with few exceptions, sustains slavery in all its blood and guilt.

The Chairman of the meeting, who is a clergyman of the Methodist denomination, did not agree with Mr. Foster in regard to the extent of the guilt of the Church, and made some kind and earnest remarks to that effect. He is himself a rare example of a faithful preacher, and has suffered much for his devotion to the cause of the slave. The spirit of his remarks showed the good heart within, and those who did not agree with him could not but love the man for what he had done in the cause of truth and freedom, and for the bland and Christian spirit which pervaded all he said. As there was not time to discuss a question so broad in its nature, Mr. Foster withdrew his resolution, and intends to visit Auburn at some future time, and discuss with the worthy clergyman the question in relation to the guilt and responsibility of the American Church. Among the cheering things of the times is the fact which this clergyman stated, viz., that the 'Northern Christian Advocate,' a Methodist paper published at Auburn, which is read by at least twenty-five thousand persons, has taken high ground on the subject of slavery, and has lost but a very few subscribers in consequence. This fact shows that the heart of the Church is not so much paralyzed as formerly, and is a testimony that the labors of the abolitionists have not been in vain.

Mr. Thompson, at the commencement of his evening address, took occasion to speak of the aggressions which had been made throughout the country upon the sacred right of speech. 'All over the land,' said he, 'the gentlemen of property and standing have thought the meetings of abolitionists to be but fair cause for insult and riot on their part. The impression that the abolitionists have no rights has been well impressed upon the rising generation. Boys and young men, who would not dare go into a political caucus to make a noise, hasten to what are called 'nigger meetings,' to disturb and annoy the speakers; they are taught by the respectable people, (so called), that to disturb us is not only no crime, but praiseworthy. The church members and ministers have often either deliberately set them on, or have winked at and sustained these things. I speak of it as a proof of the demoralizing effects of slavery upon the people. Because a question is unpopular, the most sacred rights of citizenship are ruthlessly trampled upon. Unpopular! What reform was there ever on earth that was not unpopular? and this 'nigger question,' what is it? Why! a question that has challenged the mental resources of the greatest intellects on earth; which has engaged in past ages the philanthropy of the purest spirits this side heaven. The Granville Sharpes, the Roscoes, the Cowpers, the Clarksons, the Wilberforces, the Macaulays, the Broughams of the old world, and the mightiest men of the new, have for years given their best energies to the question of the enslavement of the human race, and your grog-shop politician, your hireling priest, and even the half-grown men and boys of America, think themselves very wise and patriotic when they sneer at or disturb an abolition meeting. They think they have shown themselves to be lovers of their country, when by hoodings and stampings they have annoyed and drowned the voice of such a man as that, (pointing to S. S. Foster), of whom America is not worthy! The slavery question is sublime! It has to do with the soul and with its destiny! It takes hold on eternity! We meet to speak of lacerated backs, of bleeding and broken hearts, of souls whose light has been extinguished by the

curse of slavery. Let no man dare to trifle with a subject like this, for he will find his part of the responsibility no trifling matter, when he shall meet the injured slave at the bar of God. Tell me, Americans, one good which slavery has brought the people of your country. Has it made you purer?—has it made you better?—has it raised you in the scale of nations? No! It has paralyzed your conscience, and put darkness for light; it has corrupted your legislation, and made the nation, most blessed by God, the oppressor of millions, and a curse to the world instead of a blessing. It has so maddened the brain of the people, that they hug to their bosom the curse which feeds upon their vitals. It has made your nation a hissing and a by-word to the tyrants of the old world. It has paralyzed at the South a set of men who have all the elements of political and moral greatness, and but for this one accursed thing might be the happy possessors of one of the most beautiful and fertile portions of God's earth, but which is now burnt up and blasted by this system of utter wrong and oppression. Your slavery gives the infidel his argument. Your divines, at slavery's bidding, declare slavery to be of God, and the infidel says, 'If this be of God, give us the light of nature, and the kind instincts of the human heart'; and he scouts the priesthood, the church and the Bible which sustain such a system of unpeopled iniquity. You are nourishing a canker-worm which shall blight the branches of your mighty oak,—that tree beneath whose shade the weary and oppressed of all lands should find shelter, and you shall perish as the nations who have forgotten God and wrought wickedness have perished before you.

I know that the priest sneers at this, and the proud politician laughs at the danger, but that danger is not the less real. They laugh at the danger we portray as awaiting this proud nation, as the proud and tyrannical have ever done, and they will fall as their predecessors have fallen. They affect to despise us, and in the same breath tell us of the tremendous consequences which will follow this agitation! But they do not despise us, nor underestimate our influence. The dethroned politician of Massachusetts does not despise us. He knows our power—he has testified to it in years past, when it was far less than at present—and he trembles now at the rebukes of the free people of the nation. The priest and the politician know, that should the people of this nation arise in their strength, and burst their thralldom from slavery, their dominion over body and soul would be at an end; the people would think for themselves, and their wealth would not minister longer to the emolument of the few. Hence comes the cry—'Stop the agitation!' Stop it! Yes—stop the sun in his course—carry a quart bottle, and bring home Niagara in your pocket! We bring you but a cupful of truth from the great fountain from beneath the throne of God. Break the cup! have you dried up the fountain? If we continue this agitation, the land will become pure, and the prophetic politician might say to us—'Thou shalt increase, but we shall decrease; our streams will become dry, but yours shall grow purer, deeper, and broader.' The slaveholder will never do this work, my friends. His feelings and his supposed interests prevent him from ever examining the question calmly. The merchant will never do it, for along the sea-coast from Galveston to Eastport, and in all the large inland towns and cities of your country, the merchants and traders are all in one great copartnership—a common bond of interest, viz., the profits of trade, binds them together. The priests will never do this work till the people shall demand it at their hands, and the pew shall preach loudly and earnestly to the pulpit. It is the cause of the people, and they must see to it. Let the people once awake to do their duty, and never fear the hireling priest and slippery politician will do theirs. When you have, with incessant labor, builded your temple of liberty, when the topstone is laid, and all is done, and nothing is wanted but a gilded weathercock, you will find plenty of priests and politicians who will offer themselves gladly for the place, and show the way of the wind when it sets in the right direction, as faithfully as they have shown their devotion to slavery when freedom was unpopular among the people of a free republic.

The people have already got the lead of the subject, and are now on their way to a complete triumph. A few years ago, anti-slavery was confined to a few silly men and women, who met in a small room in Boston; and before that time, one man almost alone held and uttered the truths of God against slavery in this country. That man was Wm. Lloyd Garrison. Twenty years have passed, and he lives to see the fruit of his perils and his incessant labors. He sees an awakened nation! He sees all questions laid aside for the discussion of the question he has placed before the people of this land, and he sees not far off the certain triumph of the principles of freedom in this land. Anti-slavery! where is it not? It is in the city, in the country, in the little village; it is in the halls of legislation, it is everywhere. The emigrant shoulders his axe, and while in the forests of the far West he fells the trees with which to build his log cabin, wakes the echoes of those vast solitudes with the songs of freedom. It is a universal principle, and, like the atmosphere, pervades all space. Happy is the nation which cherishes that principle, and prospers the people, who, while demanding liberty and all its blessings for themselves, give it cheerfully to others. That your country may soon do this, and in doing this meet the reward of a good conscience, and the blessing of a righteous God, no man on earth more sincerely wishes than myself. For this end have I spoken to you, for this have I labored many years, for this I am willing to live, and, if need be, to die.

After thanking the assembly for their kind and patient attention, Mr. Thompson left the stand, while the people from galleries and floor gave him round after round of the most enthusiastic applause.

The Convention then adjourned.

We are the guests of David Wright, Esq., a lawyer resident here, whose family have laid us under great obligations for their hospitality and kindness. Douglas has gone to Rochester to make some preparations for the Convention there, from which city I will write you.

G. W. P.



# GEORGE THOMPSON AT ROCHESTER.

DEAR MR. GARRISON:

You will recollect that, sometime since, the citizens of Rochester gave an invitation to George Thompson to lecture upon the subjects of British Reform and British India before the Athenaeum Association.

The 'Daily Advertiser' of Rochester then commenced, somewhat in the style of the 'Springfield Republican,' the publication of a series of the most abusive and insulting tirades against Mr. Thompson which have ever proceeded from the prostituted press of this country. Every falsehood which the malicious editor, Hyatt, could invent, or glean from his lying Hunker exchanges, was again and again published, and he exerted himself to the utmost to create a mob for the reception of Mr. Thompson. This he thought he could do in such a place as Rochester, for there are hundreds of canal boats, as I am informed, who winter here, and being rather a jolly set, do not care much about the merits of a question, if they can make a noise, and have a good time. This foul-mouthed demi-devil of the Advertiser has been for weeks playing upon the passions of Rochester hearing him, and perhaps setting in train a set of measures which might result in the murder of Mr. Thompson, to propitiate the Slave Power, which he fancied will be ready to give him a consular, or some other office, at the next change in the national administration.

For a time, the efforts of this fiend seemed to prosper. Good men began to feel that if George Thompson came to Rochester, a mob was inevitable. A gentleman named Geo. W. Pratt, who was one of the signers of the request for Mr. Thompson to lecture here, stood undaunted amid all this. Mr. Thompson arrived at Rochester on Monday afternoon, 10th inst. All along the road from Auburn, people rushed into the cars, many of them friends of freedom, to take him by the hand, and give him a God-speed, and others to look at the man who was going up to Rochester to dissolve the Union and get mobbed. The train in which Mr. Thompson travelled was an hour and a half behind the time, and for an hour of that time, six hundred of the most respectable people of Rochester sat patiently waiting his arrival in Corinthian Hall. As he was weary with his journey, he could not address them at that late hour. (A. P. M.) and this circumstance being stated to the audience, after hearing some remarks from Messrs. Douglass and Bliss, they retired to meet again on the next afternoon.

At 3 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, about twelve hundred persons were present, cheerfully paying for tickets of admission. Mr. Thompson appeared before the audience, accompanied by Mr. Pratt, Mr. Seyle, Mr. Loder, Mr. Post, and Mr. More.

The audience received him kindly, and he commenced his address. He remarked that circumstances rendered it necessary that he should deviate somewhat from the common course, and speak a few words in relation to himself.

Mr. Thompson accordingly thus commenced:—

Citizens of Rochester, Ladies and Gentlemen—If I did not stand before you in peculiar, I might say wholly unexampled circumstances, it would be my duty to enter at once, and without any extraneous preface, upon the discussion of the topic upon which I am announced to deliver a lecture.

I fully admit that a departure from the ordinary course would, without some strong reasons, be in very bad taste, more especially if it should be to indulge in references personal to myself. There are some circumstances, however, and they will readily suggest themselves to your own minds, why I stand excused, nay, justified, if I claim your kind indulgence for a few moments, while I attempt to remove the misconceptions which may exist respecting the character and designs of the individual who now very respectfully solicits your attention. (Partial cheering.)

Though a public man, from a distant land, presuming to speak openly and fearlessly upon every matter that in my judgment affects the well or woe of the human race, including millions of those who dwell upon these shores; and though I presume, besides, to speak of the conduct of individuals and bodies of men in this country as I think, I am utterly alone. Whatever of kindness, hospitality or protection I receive is spontaneous. I have no recommendation; my cause; no credentials but my character; no weapon of defence but a good conscience, and the faculty which I am now exercising of addressing the words of truth and sobriety to those who, like yourselves, are willing to hear me. I frankly own this is a bold experiment; yet I have faith in the people of this great nation, and believe I shall not test their generosity in vain. You are a part of this nation, and I deem myself happy in the possession of this most favorable opportunity of opening my heart to you. The only request I make on my own behalf is, that you will hear me. More than this I do not ask, and less than this I am sure you will not award. (Cheers.)

You see before you a man who, without the fear of being pointed to any one act or word of his life to contradict the assertion, can say with heart-felt sincerity and unreserved truth, that he cherishes not a wish in his soul inconsistent with the honor, the happiness, the freedom, the increase, or the glory of America. (Cheers.) If any man, not born on this soil, and not legally a citizen of this nation, can say he is an American, then can I look the most patriotic native-born citizen in the face and say, 'I, too, am an American!' (Cheers.) True, I am not an American by the accident of birth. I was born in what you regard as a foreign country. This may have been a misfortune, but can scarcely be imputed to me as a crime. The act was wholly involuntary. (Laughter.) Indeed, it was the act of others, rather than my own; while, therefore, I am willing to be judged for being here, I am not disposed to stand my trial as a criminal for being born there. (Laughter and cheers.) True, I am not an American from having emigrated to this great and magnificent land to improve my condition. True, stocks, blocks, stoves and farms have not attracted me here, though I rejoice that others have been permitted to share in them, and grow rich thereby. True, I am not an American because this country offers to me emoluments and honors to which I cannot aspire in my own. True, I am not an American because it is convenient and fashionable to profess attachment to the principles and institutions of democracy; but I humbly submit I can prefer a better claim than these, for I am an American from having studied for myself, embraced upon conviction, and promulgated, in evil and in good report, the great truths on which the rebellion in this country was founded, its Declaration of Independence declared, and all its institutions, save one, reared to promote the good government of all, with the consent of all, for the benefit and freedom of all. (Cheers.) Such a man should not, methinks, be obnoxious to the hatred or contempt of any who call themselves republicans. Does an American thank God, that here twenty millions of the human race have found a country, free from the shackles of absolute monarchy, the intolerance of priestly dominion, and the subjugation of a standing army? So do I. (Applause.) Does an American thank God for his freedom from taxation, taxation imposed in other countries, to maintain the barbarous pageantry of courts, the luxuries and privileges of a proud and pampered aristocracy, and a host of idle minions, who subsist upon the wasting toil of the meritorious but oppressed children of industry? So do I. (Renewed applause.) Does an American exult in the spectacle of twenty millions of men governing themselves—the spectacle of humble merit rising to the highest offices on the people have it in their power to confer—the spectacle of a country, where it is not necessary that an enter-

prising and industrious man should sue with bated breath for leave to live; but may work, and prosper, and rise by his efforts to comfort, competence and influence? So do I. (Cheers.)

Does an American pray that this land and people may be preserved from every event, and every tendency, that would impair their strength, diminish their glory, or menace their prosperity? So do I. (Cheers.)

Does an American desire the institutions of his own land, which have made men free, and secured to them the enjoyment of their freedom, may be extended—that they may supplant those forms of government which exalt the few to the injury of the many, and restrict the liberty, and thereby lower the dignity of those whom God created free and equal? So do I. (Applause.)

Does an American, when he counts up the benefits which are his to enjoy, and to transmit, say with a grateful heart—'God bless America! and make her a blessing to the world?' So do I. (Great applause.)

Does an American, looking over the Atlantic to the land of his ancestors, say—'Would that thou wert even as we are?' I, too, can say to my country—'Would that thou wert not only almost, but altogether what America is, save those bones!' (Renewed applause.) O Columbia! Columbia!

Wouldst thou repent, and swiftly bring forth from the camp th' unholy thing—  
Consign it to remorseless fire—  
Watch, till the latest spark expire—  
Then strew its ashes on the wind,  
Nor leave an atom wreck behind;  
How would thy power and wealth increase!  
How would thy people dwell in peace!  
On thee th' Almighty's glory rest!  
And all mankind in thee be blest!

What I have now said might perhaps suffice to assure you, that a friend, and not an enemy, hath come among you. (Cheers.) Let me, nevertheless, add a few words.

If any citizen of Rochester hath aught against me, and believes he can establish the truth of one of all the imputations which have been cast upon me, of cherishing evil designs towards this country, I invite him to meet me in the presence of his countrymen and neighbors. If any citizen of Rochester can produce a title of evidence to show, that in this country or my own, or elsewhere, in any public speech or private conversation, I ever uttered a sentiment respecting America or her institutions, at variance with the truth, or inimical to the true welfare of this nation, or ungenial with the spirit and design of the Declaration of Independence, I invite him to meet me openly. (Cheers.) If any citizen of Rochester, who has spoken or written to my prejudice in my absence, will now, that I am in person here, intimate his willingness to confront me, face to face, I am prepared to meet him in a frank, courteous and manly manner. (Applause.) I will also bear the entire expenses connected with the necessary arrangements for the holding of a free, but peaceable meeting. If any citizen of Rochester, competent, in the judgment of the community, and who is not prepared to dispute the opinions which I hold, is nevertheless prepared to deny my right to utter them, I will give a similar meeting, and a similar guarantee to him, and promise him that he shall find in me an antagonist whom he shall be constrained to own a fair and generous one. (Great cheering.) I am, moreover, prepared to submit my opinions, if reduced to writing, and in the form of distinct and intelligible propositions, to the judgment and decision of the enlightened citizens of this place, that they may, by their vote, record their deliberate verdict upon the sentiments which I entertain, and am in the practice of advocating. (Cheers.) I ask only for myself, in the meanwhile, a just and impartial hearing. I ask only, that Rochester should say to me, (what Agrippa said to Paul,) George Thompson, 'thou art permitted to speak for thyself.' (Loud and universal cheers.)

[At this stage of the proceedings, Mr. Thompson quitted his position behind the lecturer's stand, and advancing on one side to the edge of the stand, said in the most solemn, emphatic and impressive manner:]

Ladies and Gentlemen—You have heard the invitations I have given, and the guarantees I have offered. I rely upon your sense of justice to make known what I have thus deliberately said. It is a matter of public notoriety, that I have been assailed in your city by charges the most heavy, and by epithets that could only be deserved by a man of superhuman depravity and malevolence. If there is no foundation in truth and fact for the assaults, I must leave you to judge of the character of those who have made them. If there be, you have heard my challenge, and I trust you will remember it. If, hereafter, these charges should be reiterated, demand of him who makes them where he was on this, the 11th of March, 1851, and why, in justice to himself, his city, and his country, he was not here to face the man against whom his accusations were hurled. Alone, I am prepared to meet my accusers. Alone, I will scatter their weapons to the winds, or depart, a disgraced man, from their city. You that dare accuse me, appear and face me, or for ever hide your heads. (Great applause.)

If, till my accusers appear, it will be any satisfaction to the members of this audience to hear my answers to a few questions, I will put them to myself, and answer them.

Were you not born in a king-ridden, tax-ridden country, where it is the opinion of many, that the largest part of the people were created like horses, with saddles on their backs, and bits in their mouths; and the other portion (the aristocracy) born booted and spurred, with whips in their hands, to mount and ride the majority? (Laughter.) I answer, I was born in such a country; but it has been the work of my life, since I was capable of clothing my thoughts in language, and could get the bit out of my own mouth, to teach my fellow-horses that they were as good as their riders (great applause); that they had the power, if they knew it and would exert it, to toss their riders gently off, and to exchange the saddle of servitude for the toil of free labor, and the bit of subjection for the sceptre of self-control. (Renewed cheers.)

Did you not grow up in ignorance of the great events which have made this country free; and did you not, when you heard of them, imbibe the prejudices of your countrymen, and learn to scoff at Republican institutions? I answer, when sixteen years of age, I heard one of the most eloquent men in England deliver a eulogy on the character of GEORGE WASHINGTON. That oration first brought before me the revolutionary history of this country; and since that time, I have been an admirer of its institutions, a vindicator of the revolution, and an earnest wisher to the stability, the permanence, and the prosperity of this nation. (Great cheering.)

Have not your acts as a public man been inconsistent with this professed sympathy with the political principles and form of government in this nation? I answer, I have not thought so, and do not now think so. Fully believing with Thomas Jefferson, that 'God has created all men free and equal,' I early engaged in the great struggle for delivering from bondage 800,000 human beings, held in slavery in the British Colonies, and did not cease my labors until they were emancipated. I afterwards exerted myself, successfully, to complete their freedom, by the abolition of a system of apprenticeship, which deprived them of the fruits of their industry. (Cheers.)

Have you not been a member of the body called the East India Company, whose career in India, for a century, has been one of fraud, of treachery, and of violence; and whose government, at this time, is opposed to the rights and interests of millions of the human race? I answer, Yes. I became a member of that Company, that I might have the opportunity of exposing and denouncing the rapine and injustice of

which it has been guilty. I did so for many years. I openly impeached, in their own Court, and in Parliament, the conduct of the Company, and called upon my countrymen to wrest from a chartered oligarchy the power which had been abused. For this I received the hatred and persecution of this Company, and the thanks and blessings of the injured children of India. (Loud applause.)

Have you not been in league with political parties opposed to the rights of the people? You shall judge. Until 1840, I never identified myself with any political movement. At that time, the Government was instituting State prosecutions against the Chartists in all parts of the kingdom, and the jails were filled with their victims. It was then I resolved no longer to be neutral in politics, so came out, and identified myself with those whom the Government were opposing, and declared my adherence, for better and for worse, to the principles of Chartism. Ever since, while, more than any man besides, I have censured the excesses of some of the Chartists, I have stood by their doctrines on the suffrage, and have voted and spoken for them in the House of Commons. (Loud applause.)

Are you not a British emissary, and the paid spy of the Government? Here I answer,—though, of right, eligible to attend every levee of my sovereign, I was never in her presence-chamber but once, when I was charged to present an address to her, signed by 133,000 of the women of Scotland, in behalf of the slaves of the West Indies. I have never had a private audience of any members of the Government in my life. I have never accepted a single invitation to the party of a member of the Government in my life. To this hour, I do not know where the Treasury is, where members go to ask favors of the Government; nor could a member of the Government know of my intention to visit America, until he read of it, with all the world besides, in the columns of the public papers. (Renewed cheers.)

Have you not voted for measures to coerce and oppress the people of Ireland? Hear my answer to an Irishman in New York, who labored under a mistake on that subject:—

[The letter alluded to has already appeared in the Liberator.]

Have you not written verses, breathing an unfriendly spirit towards this country? Never. I once wrote a short piece, which I am sorry I cannot remember. I scribbled it as I sat under a tree in Upper India, on the 4th of July, 1843. It commenced:

'And canst thou, America, say thou art FREE,  
Whilst the slave bands, in fetters, his suppliant knee?'  
I cannot remember how it proceeded, but I know it ended with a fervent prayer for the redemption and glory of the country. More recently, however, we had those sweet minstrels, the Hutchinsons, in England, and while they were at my house, I aided and abetted in the getting up of a song for them to sing in the Queen's Concert Room. It was the period of the dispute on the question of the Oregon boundary. I believe I can recall the lines which were sung, the first verse to the tune of our national anthem of 'God Save the Queen,' and the last to your own lively air of 'Yankee Doodle':

O may the human race,  
Heaven's message soon embrace,  
'Good will to man!'  
Hushed be the battle's sound,  
And o'er the earth around,  
May love and peace abound,  
Through every land!

O! then shall come the glorious day,  
When words and spears shall perish;  
And brothers John and Jonathan  
The kindest thoughts shall cherish.  
Then Oregon no more shall fill  
With angry darts our quiver,  
But Englishmen with Yankees dwell  
On the far Columbia river.  
Then let us haste these bonds to knit,  
And in the work be handy;  
And we will blend 'God Save the Queen'  
With 'Yankee Doodle Dandy.'

I have now told you the worst I think, feel or wish, regarding this country. O! believe me, if my prayer might be heard, it should be as full of freedom and happiness as it is full of all that is grand and majestic in its natural scenery; and we in England and you in America should be brothers—interchanging kind offices—reciprocating benefits—provoking only to love and good works—united, if not by the ties of government and human laws, by the bright ethereal bonds of mutual love, esteem and admiration.—(Cheers.) Every root of bitterness should be extracted.

And hearts that had been long estranged,  
And friends that had grown cold,  
Should meet again, like parted streams,  
And mingle as of old.

But the last question I will put to myself is this: Have you nothing to tell this audience about British reforms? for those here expect that you should lecture on that subject. (Laughter.) And so I will, if not fully to-day, at some other time. (Cheers.) I thought it my duty to let my friends a little into the heart of the man who will again and again address the citizens of Rochester, (renewed cheers), until they have searched and proven him, and seen if there be any way of wickedness in him. (Great applause.)

Let me conclude the lecture to which you have now so kindly listened, with a few words of fraternal counsel, as from a friend of human liberty, to those who have the power to aid the good cause. You doubtless desire the progress of those principles of freedom which have conferred so many blessings on the people of this country. Know, then, that it is in your power to succor us in our present struggle. Do not regard us as your enemies, but as friends and brothers, and aid us by your words of sympathy and good cheer. If a public man from England, who, in his own land, has ranged himself on the side of the people, against proscription and class legislation, comes to these shores, let him not be treated as though he was responsible for the abuses which prevail in his own country, but let him be commended for his honest though unsuccessful efforts, and animated by your 'God-speed.' (Cheers.)

Continue to give us the benefit of your wholesome rebukes, and show to our people the more excellent way. Spare not whomsoever and whatsoever you may observe amongst us that is opposed to the true spirit of liberty. But at the same time give your rebukes and your admonitions force, by exhibiting a willingness to allow those things in which you strike as anomalous, or as injurious to the cause of general freedom, to be pointed out; and deem us not your enemies because we tell you the truth. (Cheers.)

In England, we cherish high and exalted views of democratic and republican principles, and we look to this country to seem them carried out with impartiality and success. Do not compel us to lower those views, or to look upon your great experiment with sorrow or disappointment. Let it not be said that you abuse your freedom, and that it is less safe to promulgate unpopular views here, than in countries where the institutions are less free and democratic.—Leave truth a fair field on which to combat error, and fear not the result.

Let not the enemies of the human race, who would falsify the march of the people to the attainment of their rights, be able to point to this country for the proof, that here where men are free, speech is free; that a stranger is free to flatter, but not to condemn; and that the only opinion which is prohibited from being uttered and proclaimed, is the opinion 'that all men are free and equal,' and that in this country as well as in all the world besides, every yoke should be broken, and every captive delivered from his chains. Let there be at least the liberty of free utterance, and a practical recognition of the right of man to speak with his fellow-men on the great subject of the rights and duties of humanity. (Cheers.)

Above all, you may aid us by giving a wider range and a more impartial application to the sublime principles of man's emancipation, on which your own freedom has been achieved. You can show as the God-like example of a nation using its power to lift up the fallen—to vindicate the cause of those who have been wronged—to bestow the liberty it has conquered—to make one quarter of the earth 'all hallowed ground'; and to spread by its acts, more than by its professions, the spirit of liberty to the remotest habitations of man. Oh! aid us thus, and we will fling back the taunts which the despots of the earth throw in our teeth! (Loud applause.)

You have now heard the man who is represented as having come from abroad 'to abuse, slander, vilify and blackguard this nation and people.' Hear his worst wish. May He who hath planted your feet on this great Continent, and made you a mighty nation—who hath given you an inheritance exhaustless in its riches, as it is limitless in its extent—who hath caused you to lie down in green pastures, beside still waters, and crowned your existence with loving kindness and tender mercies—may He turn your hearts to a consideration of what you owe to him for this long catalogue of blessings, and this boundless prospect of future good! May He dispose you to look with feelings of justice to the condition of those millions who sigh and pine in bondage within this land! May He put it into your minds to arise for their deliverance, and may He grant success to your labors!—Then shall you indeed be a free and happy people—the glorious sun, as he goes forth from the chambers of the east to run his race, shall not from his rising in his setting ray, behold over all this magnificent realm, the mansion of a haughty tyrant, nor the hovel of a crouching slave.

(Mr. Thompson sat down amidst the reiterated plaudits of the audience.)

It was a glorious sight to see, as he went on, the melting away of unfounded prejudice; to see the bland smile and kind look take the place of the averted gaze or positive scowl. The handsome English stranger, in the prime of life and of manly eloquence, stood before them, with his face beaming with thought, and the rich music of his voice in their ears, and thrilling their hearts. After speaking a few moments, he stepped forward upon the rostrum, and with indignant eloquence demanded to be confronted by his slanderer! But the viper had crawled hissing away to his hole, and instead of meeting the man he had insulted and vilified, he was safe in his office, concealing another batch of lies for his next day's paper. O! it was glorious to hear the voice of that indignant man rising like a trumpet through that lofty hall, vindicating himself from the slanders cast upon him, and demanding to see the liar who had uttered them; and it was heart-cheering to see the faces which were turned upon him, and hear the cheers which came thundering up at each pause he made, while pouring out his hot contempt upon the head of the wretch. It is hardly necessary to say, that the editor did not make his appearance at all among the assembly. Mr. Thompson continued his lecture, constantly interrupted by the irrepressible applause of the people; and he ended with a beautiful peroration, in which he paid a just tribute to all the true and righteous principles of the American Government, and of the American people. At the close, the rostrum was crowded with citizens. They came up to him, and told him again and again that they had come deeply prejudiced against him, and they were rejoiced to see and hear him, and know him as he is. Before he left the hall, the audience requested him to deliver another lecture, which he has consented to do next week.

Here we see the power of truth, and the real virtue of the people. The people of the land do not love slavery; and if the priests and the Hunkers would but let the people hear the truth, the land would soon be saved from the curse of slavery and all oppression. The lecture of Mr. Thompson became instantly the great topic of conversation throughout the city. That audience went forth to tell the people of the many conduct and surpassing eloquence of the true George Thompson, and the tide has turned swift and deep and strong against the vile dog of the Advertiser, and in favor of free speech and free thought.

The 'Rochester American,' a paper published here, has spiked its guns, and ceased siding the Advertiser. The Herald, from the first, has nobly sustained freedom of speech; and the Rochester Democrat, a Whig paper, having the largest circulation in the city, has to-day an entire column sustaining freedom of speech to the fullest extent, and praising George Thompson for his eloquence and noble heart. The poor libeller of the Advertiser is left alone in his infamy. Chopped and down, a large portion of his subscribers having left him, disgusted with his cold-blooded villany, his co-propositors, who are gentlemen in feeling and conduct, upbraiding him with the disgrace he has brought upon them all; and to shield himself, he has at length quoted the opinion of George Thompson, held by that poor old wine-soaked, disappointed hunter after the Presidency, Henry Clay! as if the man whom Henry Clay should praise and approve could, by any possibility, possess one noble or manly trait of character! If Daniel Webster, Henry Clay and Co. should speak well of such a man as George Thompson, it would be strong presumptive proof that George Thompson was not worthy the respect of one decent man from one end of the country to the other. God forbid that their poison breath should ever breathe upon him in words of adulation! He has no sympathy with oppression, or with moral putridity. He belongs to the people; they know how to appreciate him, and will both hear him gladly, and guard him from the malice of all his enemies. His triumph at Rochester is great, for it has been a triumph over rank prejudice, and in the face of threats of violence. The people of Rochester have concluded to judge for themselves, and have terribly rebuked editorial and Hunker insolence. Henceforth, freedom of thought and freedom of speech are not to be disputed questions in the beautiful city of Rochester.

G. W. P.

In giving a sketch of the proceedings at one of the meetings at Rochester, the Secretary for the occasion (in the North Star) says—

After a few remarks from Mr. Douglass, George Thompson, Esq., ascended the platform, and was greeted by a shout of applause which attested the high respect and warm cordiality felt in Rochester towards the distinguished and eloquent champion of human liberty and brotherhood. At the call of multitudinous voices, Mr. Thompson proceeded to address the meeting. He took up the question repeatedly put to him since his arrival in this country, as to 'What he had to do with American slavery?' and most ably did he answer that question. He denied that, in meddling with slavery, he was meddling merely with an American question. It was a human question before it became an American question. The system might be local, but the principle was universal. Once grant that the American may hold property in man, and we concede the principle by which the Egyptian, the Turk, the Russian, may do the same thing. Indeed, America had made the subject of slavery a subject for the whole civilized world. She had cast three millions of her people forth upon the sympathies of mankind, utterly refusing to take cognizance of them herself. It was said that he had spoken here without invitation, but he was invited by the groans and tears of speechless millions to plead their cause.

[The Secretary can do no manner of justice to this part of Mr. Thompson's speech, which was masterly in the extreme, and at times sublimely eloquent.]

He next glanced at the American slave trade, and showed that, in all its essential characteristics, it was equal in cruelty and barbarity to that carried on on the coast of Africa. 'Every wind from the South,' said he, 'comes to us freighted with the sigh and tear of its victims.' Slavery was a perpetual act of tyranny against three millions of people. The stupendous wickedness of slavery could not be grasped nor fathomed. The certain consequences of sustaining slavery in America were pointed out in a fearfully powerful manner, and the doom of Assyria, Memphis, Babylon, Greece and Persopolis, was held up in blinding eloquence, warning the American people against the longer continuance among them of this system of iniquity.

There was a deep shudder manifest through the audience as Mr. Thompson lifted the veil and displayed the desolation and ruin into which mighty nations and empires had fallen in consequence of their wickedness, and when he demanded in tones of thunder, 'Can Americans defy the omnipotent God? The matchless orator again denied that the question of slavery was exclusively an American question. The slave was a brother. It was a human question. The slave possessed a living soul. It was a religious question. It was a question of labor, and of commerce.

Here Mr. Thompson treated the audience to a brilliant corroboration, illustrating the difference between free and slave labor, and bestowed a well-merited encomium upon the industry, enterprise, rapid growth and beauty of the city of Rochester, and closed this part of his address by saying, 'God bless you and increase you a thousand fold!'

Speaking of slavery as a religious question, Mr. Thompson said, 'Tell me that God sanctions slavery, and I will look up to heaven no more! Tell me that God sanctions slavery, then, farewell to a God of love! There was something absolutely thrilling in these words, as they fell from the lips of the speaker. The whole speech on this occasion was a masterpiece of eloquence, and it produced an electrifying effect on the vast audience assembled.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION—GEORGE THOMPSON.

The Rev. A. L. Post, in giving an account of the Anti-Slavery Convention recently held at Peterboro', N. Y., writes to the American Baptist, published at Utica, as follows:—

It is no disparagement to others, under the circumstances, to say, that among the speakers, George Thompson was the chief object of attraction. He spoke at length, four different times during the sessions, and received many rounds of applause. I here saw and heard him for the first time. My anticipations were more than realized, although Lord Brougham had said of him, that 'he is the most eloquent man in England, in or out of Parliament.' On first scanning his features, and hearing him speak, the remembrance of our much beloved and lamented Charles Van Loan was revived in my mind, and I could not but sorrow anew that our American Thompson had so early been taken by an inscrutable Providence from the mortal battlefield.

I would like to give a full length portrait of Mr. T., body and mind; but will venture only a sketch. He is a fine looking man, a little less than six feet in height. His manner is graceful, dignified and unaffected. His complexion is quite light, having a rather delicate skin—his eyes are hazel, large and full—his nose Roman—a little straight, thin, fine, and interspersed very evenly with gray—his forehead, rather high and a little receding, presenting conspicuously what the old physiologists call the bump of 'popular eloquence,' and large perceptive developments—his mouth large, and lips well turned and oiled, as if made purposely for the utterance of smooth and well rounded periods. He speaks with perfect ease, throwing his whole soul into his countenance and action; and if he hesitates at all, it is to speak with greater eloquence than with words. He has great versatility of speaking talent. Deep paths, laughing humor, affectionate or indignant rebuke, keen edged sarcasm, sparkling beauty, thundering sublimity, and withering ridicule, all seem to be fully at his command. His instincts are in favor of humanity, and his religion does not give the lie to them. He desires to think, and speak what he thinks. He is uncompromising and true to what he believes to be the right, and those whom he believes to be friends of the right. Hence, he would not repudiate the anti-slavery pioneer, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and those who act with him, to escape opprobrium and mobs, and receive the plaudits of a pro-slavery public sentiment. In this he has shown himself to be truly magnanimous, and for this he should be honored.

In speaking, he has not the commanding eloquence of Gerrit Smith, the metaphysical acumen of Beriah Green, the earnestness of Wm. L. Garrison, the majestic force of Wendell Phillips, the profound argumentation of William Goodell; but has greater brilliancy, versatility, and captivating power, than either. He reasons, rather than argues, and with greater force than argumentation. His mind is rather of the Henry Clay order. By the way, I should like to see those champions, in open field and fair moral combat. Mr. Clay is more American, as America is, and therefore in the estimation of a majority of his countrymen would bear off the palm of victory. Mr. Thompson is more American, as America should be, and therefore would be the real victor. This is evident, to me, from the electric introduction to his first speech, and from his subsequent review of Mr. Clay's recent speech in the U. S. Senate, on the subject of Colonization. I would that this guilty nation could have heard both the introduction and the review. If we have any national justice or honor left, the calamitous charges against Mr. T. would be silenced, and we should have a better reason for Colonization than that which originated the scheme, or pretend to none at all.

Mr. T., I should think, is about fifty years of age. He has a knowledge of our institutions, men, and history, and an admiration for all that is truly great and noble in our national existence, which should put to shame his detractors.

In conclusion, whenever desirous to hear an exceedingly high and noble Christian philosopher, and have their souls fired anew to the great moral conflict which is now being waged in this country, between Light and Liberty on the one hand, and Darkness and Slavery on the other, would do well to seek an opportunity to hear Geo. Thompson. After hearing him, every true, intelligent and unprejudiced lover of the doctrines of our Declaration of Independence, however cutting may be the rebukes against our national wrongs, will give him a hearty welcome to our country, and a God speed in the cause of the crushed and bleeding slave.

A. L. P.

We believe Mr. T. is four years younger than this.

Correspondence of the American Baptist.

GEORGE THOMPSON AT SYRACUSE.

At 1 o'clock, Gerrit Smith took the chair. At 2 o'clock, resolutions were read by the Chairman of the Committee, S. J. May. Speech from Stephen Foster. Pretty well, but not equal to his wife, Abby Kelly Foster, who immediately succeeded him. She is a glorious woman. So much benevolence—so much goodness manifested in every look and action. While she was speaking, George Thompson entered. He was loudly cheered. After the conclusion of Mr. F's speech, the resolutions were laid on the table, and Mr. Thompson took the chair. He spoke nearly two hours—handled his enemies of the press without misters, but elegantly; spoke of his course in Parliament, of his course with reference to Ireland, of his landing in this country, of the first Sabbath thereafter which he spent in searching out the woe of William and Ellen Crafts, of their deplorable condition, and of 'sending them from their persecutors to the shelter of an English flag, and to the bosom of an Englishman's family.'

'Twas a grand speech. We thought ourselves fully and amply rewarded for our trouble in coming to hear him. We were mistaken. In the evening, we really heard him for the first time. Frederick Douglass had spoken eloquently on the present state of the anti-slavery cause. He took a depressing view, said the church and the press were sacrificing their influence to the slave power, and the people were yielding. The spirit of slavery was here now, and its substance would be. There was no shrinking from duty, but manly sorrow. His speech was impressive. As he left the stand, I saw tears roll down the cheeks of gray haired men. Thompson rose. The vast audience cheered;—then sunk, or rather rose, into breathless silence.

ence. The manly but sorrowful words to which he had just listened seemed to have roused his whole soul. To him, his own experience as a reformer, his beautiful confidence in the power of truth, his high courage, his heart—sighed, No! He fore the dawn. He was in his element. He spoke of the deep, dark bondage of the L'eteville in Egypt—of their misery, and degradation, in hour came, and the man, and that man was Moses, and truth triumphed. And that man was Moses, and misery. Again the hour came—again the light. And Jesus Christ, the Reformer, again the light. He spoke of bigotry and world-wide superstition; and again the hour came, and Martin Luther stood before the Diet at Worms, and in the name of God and the right belief his enemies. He conquered, and the world rose up from its broken fetters, and rejoiced. He spoke of his own reform—of India Emancipation, and of the reform of the Core embodiment of reform and progress. His words thrilled through our hearts, as he came over the lapse of ages, gathering up great reformers, and the shadows like pearls over the audience. He bade them be of good cheer, to dispel their gloom, laboring for twenty years to get a hearing. They had now driven the Administration and the Legislature to an appeal. They had appealed to humanity, to patriotism, and even to arms and violence to uphold the rights of free men. Let them be of good cheer. Humanity was the Plaintiff; the country the bar, the world the Jurors, and God himself the Judge. It was theirs to fight manfully, in the confidence that God would speed the right.

The effect was electrical. Every face beamed with hopeful joy,—even Douglass's. Every heart grew larger, and men abandoned their seats, and under freer use of God's gift of speech, he continued. He urged young men, especially, to become soldiers for the right. He promised them, as their 'exceeding great reward,' privation, toil, and suffering. He thanked God that there was no rest in this world—that we must labor and suffer while we live.

I cannot go on. It would be vain to attempt to describe a speech, while one of the chief elements of the speaker's power is in his inimitable style of oratory. 'He is a man—take him for all in all, we meet in this world only once each.'

From the Providence Daily Post.

GEORGE THOMPSON.

Mr. Editor:—The enclosed remarks by George Thompson, in Westminster Hall, on the evening of the 16th inst., are the hands of the editor of the Daily Journal nearly four weeks ago, for publication. Had he not given encouragement that would publish them, they would not have remained so long in his possession. He says he has not read them, nor did he intend to until he got ready to publish them. Will you give him and the public an opportunity to see the remarks of this wonderful philanthropist, in relation to the power of the press upon him by the editor of that paper, which were commended in a few days after he arrived at Boston in October last; and you will oblige many of your readers, and advance the cause of truth and righteousness. S. W. W.

'And, first, let me say a word in reply to some things uttered in your local press, and which I shall speak with equal frankness and respect.

I thank the editor of the Providence Journal for what he has said on the 16th









## Reformatory.

POPERY IN ENGLAND.  
LONDON, January, 1851.

DEAR GARRISON:

For the Liberator.  
GEORGE THOMPSON.  
SONNET I.  
God give thee strength to meekly bear the wrong,  
For yet a little while—it may be long;  
But, just as sure as day shall follow night,  
Ay! come it will—for come we know it must.  
When those who suffer for the Truth and Right  
Shall win the victory, and Wrong be crushed,  
The slave shall yet go free—stand up a man,  
Redeemed forever from Oppression's ban!  
We pray God guard and keep this western world,  
If there be yet enough of virtue left,  
That by an earthquake it may not be hurled  
To ruin, and of every hope bereft.  
Humanity, bound—bleeding at each pore—  
Implores thee not to faint, thy labors ne'er give o'er.

SONNET II.

Ho! Thompson, what to thee the base-born herd,  
Whose hearts, by more than demon-malice stirred,  
Assassin-like, from their dark covert spring,  
To clip thy genius of its radiant wing?  
For hurtless from thy side their arrows fall,  
As autumn leaves upon the cotten's wall;  
And onward, as an eagle cleaves the air,  
We see thy mind a meteor flashing there.  
A thousand hearts for thee exulting beat,  
And lips thy name and worth in praise repeat;  
And they will hide with thee in cloud and storm,  
Despite the croaking raven's sabbie form:  
Still calmly every taunt and wound endure—  
The cause is God's, and thy reward is sure.

THE IRON PEN.

Leominster, March, 1851.

## WELCOME TO GEORGE THOMPSON.

BY ROSILLA FLOREANA.

Three welcome to our country's shore,  
Our brother from beyond the wave  
Of ocean's eastern strand;  
From England's isle thou comest o'er,  
Thou friend of freedom, true and brave,  
To meet a brother band.  
Free, generous hearts shall welcome thee  
Within Columbia's proud domain,  
Defender of the Right;  
And bid thy voice from sea to sea  
Rebuke the tyrant proud and vain,  
Till Justice conquer Might.  
What though thy home in foreign land  
Be found, and there thy place of birth?  
Our brother yet thou art!  
We proffer thee a friendly hand;  
We know, we feel thy honored worth;  
Thou live'st in each true heart.  
Yes, ardently we greet thee here,  
And bid thee freely, boldly speak  
For Truth and Liberty;  
Speak for that cause to thee so dear,  
Till chains, like rushes dry, shall break,  
Friend of humanity!  
Our country's province traverse o'er,  
From East to West, from South to North,  
Fair freedom to defend;  
And let thy voice, from shore to shore,  
In tidings of eloquence go forth,  
And God shall be thy friend.  
Where'er thy roving steps shall turn,  
There may thy peaceful mantle fall,  
And Freedom's spirit breathe;  
Hie, also free divinely burn,  
Her gentle feet obey thy call,  
And deep their impress leave.  
Come, bind thou fast, with golden bands,  
Columbia to the mother Isle!  
Unite with silken ties,  
No longer be thy stranger lands,  
No more may Slavery's curse defile  
Their soft and sunny skies!

From the Portland Pleasure Boat.

## THOUGHTS.

Suggested on reading President Fillmore's last Proclamation.

Now, friend of Freedom, gird thy armor on!  
'The time that tries men's souls' has come again:  
Search deep thy heart, and bid all fears be gone—  
The 'Higher Law' shall yet rule lawless men!  
The great Jehovah shall exalt thee,  
And every nation, kindred, tongue made free:  
This world shall keep a lasting jubilee.  
The hosts of hell encamp about thee now,  
With their Satanic malice, force and fraud;  
In stately pomp commanding thee to bow,  
And kiss the tyrant's loathsome, bloody rod—  
To stain thy hands, and to damn thy soul,  
The blasts of hell to blow from pole to pole,  
Till o'er the earth the fens of slavery roll.  
To thee, the trial hour has surely come;  
Now God in thee must rule, or all is lost;  
Before His face all enemies are dumb;  
Surrender all to Him, nor count the cost.  
If thou dost dwell in Him, and He in thee,  
He will sustain, what'er thy trials be,  
And thou shalt yet a full salvation see.  
Not God above, nor God around you, friends!  
But God within, can quench the fires of hell;  
And bind with everlasting chains the fiends  
That dare against his holy cause rebel.  
Blood for this nation's sin cannot atone—  
The seeds of truth and justice must be sown:  
Fear not! the battle is the Lord's alone!

From the American Baptist.

## PLEA FOR THE FUGITIVES.

BY WM. B. DOWNER.

Pity fugitives from chains,  
Toll-worn and weary;  
Fleeing from Oppression's plains,  
From bondage dreary;  
Aid to them, and comfort give,  
Assistance render;  
In thy gates permit to live,  
Nor them surrender.  
Though the Southern despot raves,  
Threat'ning vengeance dire,  
Shelter give the hunted slaves,  
From his furious ire;  
Shield them from the tyrant's power,  
Point to Northern stars;  
Help them on their freedom's tour,  
From slavery afar.  
Let your cry for God ascend,  
Freedom's God on high;  
Blending with those cries which rend  
Fem the vaulted sky:  
Soon will come the Judgment day,  
Then the bond be free;  
While the Judge will kindly say,  
'These were done to me.'

## THE GRAVE.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls  
The burial ground 'God's acre.' It is just;  
It consecrates each grave within its walls,  
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

tion did not cease, and has not yet entirely ceased amongst Protestants in matters of religion; still, the roasting, the rack and thumb-screw have ceased as instrumentalities of conversion. That change has been gradual, as the spirit of the age, that is, the people become humanized by knowledge, and we are now here in England receiving back from you in New England, good for evil; for the glorious example you have set in the United States as to education has quickened some of the best spirits we have here to obtain from the Parliament a bill to enable the people to take themselves, in the various districts, to establish schools for instruction in secular knowledge.

EDWARD SEARCH.

A Letter to the Hon. Samuel A. Eliot, Representative in Congress from the City of Boston, in Reply to his Apology for Voting for the Fugitive Slave Bill. By Hancock. Boston: Crosby & Nichols, 111 Washington Street. 1851.

Whoever is the author of this pamphlet, (and we have yet to learn who 'Hancock' is,) he has no cause to be ashamed of his name or his work. The great criminality of Mr. Eliot, in voting for the Fugitive Slave Law, lies in his exceeding folly in thinking to vindicate such a vote on any tenable ground—the awful responsibility resting upon him as the remorseless hunter of innocent and afflicted men, women and children, to effect their re-enslavement—the utter unconstitutionality and unequalled barbarity of the Law as framed—these are all exhibited in the clearest light, and with great dignity and talent. Here is the introductory portion, relating to that clause in the Constitution pertaining to 'persons held to service or labor.' Read it, and preserve it for its historical importance.

## THE SLAVE-CATCHING COMPROMISE.

HON. SAMUEL A. ELIOT:

SIR:—An English courier procured a colonial judgeship for a young dependant, wholly ignorant of law. The new functionary, on parting with his patron, received from him the following advice:—'Be careful never to assign reasons, for whether your judgments be right or wrong, your reasons will certainly be bad.' You have cause to regret that some friend had not been equally provident of your reputation, and intimated that it was only expected of you to vote for Mr. Webster's measures, but, by your conduct, you have assisted him in vindicating them. You, indeed, voted precisely as those who procured your nomination intended you should; yet, on your return home, you found your name had become a by-word and a reproach in your native State. Another election approached, but you declined submitting your recent course to the judgment of the electors, and withdrew from the canvass. But although the people were thus prevented from voting against you, they persisted in speaking and writing against you. Anxious to relieve yourself from the load of obloquy by which you were oppressed, in an evil hour you rashly appealed to the public through the columns of a newspaper, and gave the 'reasons' of your vote for the Fugitive Slave Law. You had a high and recent example of the kind of logic suited to your case. You might have indulged in transcendental notions, and talked about the climate, soil, and scenery of New England and the wonders of physical geography, and assuming that negroes were created free, you might have contended that, in voting for a law to catch and enslave them, you had avoided the folly of re-enacting the law of God. Reasons of this sort you and others had declared, 'had convinced the nation,' and induced following an example so illustrious and successful, you assign 'reasons' so very commonplace, that the most ordinary capacity can understand them, and so feeble, that the slightest strength can overthrow them.

Your first 'reason' is, that the delivery of fugitives is a constitutional obligation. By this you mean, that, by virtue of the constitution of the United States, as established by the Supreme Court, Congress has the power to pass a law for the recovery of fugitive slaves. Well, Sir, does this constitutional obligation authorize Congress to pass any law whatsoever on the subject, however atrocious and wicked? Had you voted for a law to prevent smuggling, in which you had authorized every idle waster to shoot any person suspected of having contraband goods in his possession, would it have been a constitutional 'reason' for such an atrocity, that the collection of duties was 'a constitutional obligation'? You are condemned for voting for an arbitrary, detestable, diabolical law, one that tramples upon the rights of conscience, outrages the feelings of humanity, discards the rules of evidence, levels all the barriers erected by the common law for the protection of personal liberty, and in defiance of the Constitution, and against its express provisions, gives to the courts the appointment of legions of slave-catching judges. And your 'reason' for all this, is, that the delivery of fugitives is 'a constitutional obligation'! The 'obligation' is not in issue. Please to understand, Sir, that it is not denied. It is for the manner in which you profess to have discharged the obligation that you are censured, and be it remembered, that not one of the obvious provisions of your law is required by the Constitution. You go on and attempt to enlighten your constituents as to the history of this constitutional obligation. As the obligation affords you no apology for the iniquitous features of your law, its history is, of course, mere surplusage, and serves no other purpose than to divert the attention of your readers from yourself. About two thirds of your apology is occupied with an historical digression, which has as much to do with your vindication as the question respecting the existence of a lunar atmosphere. I will not, however, withhold from you whatever benefit you may derive from either your logic or your history, but will give each a fair and honest examination. You inform the public that, at the time the Constitution was formed,

'Slavery had been abolished in some of the States, and retained in others. There seemed an insuperable obstacle to the union of the States, and they were very wise men—so much as this topic. At last, they agreed that the new Constitution should have nothing to do with it; that the word slavery should not be mentioned in the Constitution, and that the States themselves to establish, retain, or abolish it, just as much after the adoption of the Constitution as before. But in order to secure the existence of the institution to those States who preferred it, it was agreed that the States who escaped from labor to which they were bound, in consequence of the war, and found in another, should be returned to the State from which they had fled. The provision was necessary for the preservation of this interest in statu quo. It did not extend slavery. It kept it where it already was, and where it could not be carried out of the States. The Constitution was adopted with this provision, and it could not have been adopted without it.'

Thus we learn from you, Sir, that when the Constitution was formed, 'slavery had been abolished in some of the States.' It is a pity you did not venture to tell what some of the States had thus early and gloriously distinguished themselves. Of the thirteen American States in 1787, how many, Sir, had by an abolished slavery? Not one. Sir, 'some States' consisted of Massachusetts alone. And how was slavery abolished there? Not by any express prohibition in her Constitution, nor by any act of her legislature. Fortunately, her Constitution, like that of most of the States, contained a general declaration of human rights, somewhat similar to the 'petit abstraction' in the Declaration of Independence. Two or three years before the Federal Convention assembled, a young lawyer, perceiving that the declaration in the Constitution had inadvertently made no exclusion of the rights of men with dark complexions, brought an action for a slave against his master for work done and performed. An upright and independent court, not having the fear of a Southern brethren before their eyes, decided that the slave was a man, and therefore entitled to the rights which the Constitution declared belonged to all men, and gave judgment for the plaintiff. In this way, Sir, was slavery abolished in Massachusetts, and hence the delegates from Massachusetts to the Convention were only ones who represented a free State. And now, Sir, what becomes of your insupportable incompatibility of interests arising from the fact that 'slavery had been abolished in some States, and still existed in others,' which you tell us so much perplexed the men of that day? We shall see, Sir, that on questioning human bondage, the Massachusetts

delegation seem to have been slaveholders in heart, and did not partake of the perplexity which troubled the rest of the Convention. With the exception of a few delegates, who were not probably half a dozen members of the Convention who were not slaveholders. It would seem from your historical review, that the clause in the Constitution respecting fugitive slaves was the grand compromise between the North and the South, without which 'the Constitution could not have been adopted; and that to this clause we owe our glorious slave-catching Union. You fortify this wonderful historical discovery by appealing to the 'deliberate declaration' of Southern members, that they 'would not enter a union with States who would tempt away their slaves'; &c. It is to be regretted that you have not deemed it expedient to refer to the records of these declarations, as other students of our constitutional history are wholly ignorant of them. Suffer me, Sir, to enter into a few historical details, for the purpose of vindicating the liberty I take to differ with you as to the accuracy of your statements.

The Convention met in Philadelphia 25th May, 1787. On the 25th of the same month, Mr. Randolph of Virginia, submitted a plan of government. It contained an allusion to fugitive slaves. On the same day, Mr. Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina, submitted another plan. The last provided for the surrender of fugitive criminals, but was silent about fugitive slaves. On the 15th of June, Mr. Patterson, of New Jersey, submitted a third plan. This also provided for the surrender of fugitives from justice, but was silent about fugitive slaves. On the 18th of August, the committee reported the draft of a Constitution, having agreed on the general features of the proposed Constitution in the form of resolutions, referred them to a committee of detail, for the purpose of reducing them to the form of a Constitution. In these resolutions, there was not the most distant allusion to fugitive slaves. On the 6th of August, the committee reported the draft of a Constitution, and, strange as you may deem it, the provision without which, you tell us, the Constitution could not have been adopted, was not in it, although there was in it a provision for the surrender of fugitive criminals. For three months had the Convention been in session, and not one syllable had been uttered about the fugitive slaves. At last, on the 29th of August, as we learn from the minutes, 'It was moved and seconded to agree to the following proposition, to be inserted after the 15th article: 'If any person, bound to service or labor in any of the United States, shall escape into another State, he or she shall not be discharged from such service or labor in consequence of any regulation subsisting in the State to which he or she shall be delivered up to the person justly claiming the service or labor, gambling, and other vices.' Really, Sir, find in this record but little evidence of the perplexity which distressed our wise men, or of the great compromise between the North and South, on which you dwell. The 15th article, referred to above, was the article providing for the surrender of fugitives from justice, and this suggested the idea, that it would be well to provide, also, for the surrender of fugitive slaves. The committee, however, hesitated, and finally, after much discussion, the idea was exceedingly reluctantly and unanimously adopted. From Mr. Madison's report we learn that, the day before, Messrs. Butler and Pinckney had informally proposed that fugitive slaves and servants should be delivered up 'like criminals.' Mr. Wilson (of Penn.) This would oblige the Executive of the State to do it at the public expense. Mr. Sherman (of Conn.) saw no more propriety in the public seizing and surrendering a slave or servant than a horse. (Madison Papers, p. 1447.) The subject was then dropped. The next day the motion was made in form, and, as Mr. Madison says, 'agreed to, *non conc.*' From the phraseology of the motion, and the objections of Messrs. Wilson and Sherman, it was perfectly understood that the obligation of delivery was imposed on the States, and that no power was intended to be conferred on Congress to legislate on the subject. Messrs. Wilson and Sherman's objections arose from no moral repugnance to slave-catching, but from the inconvenience they apprehended the State authorities would be subjected to; and Mr. Wilson perhaps spoke from experience, as he had been a fugitive slave very many times. The idea, therefore, that this agreement was a compromise between the North and South is wholly imaginary; and you, Sir, must have mistaken some recent fulminations from Southern chivalry for the 'deliberate declarations' which you suppose were made in the Convention. Believe me, Sir, Messrs. Butler and Pinckney never intended that they would not enter into the Union, unless it was agreed to surrender fugitive slaves, for the obvious reason, that the Northern slaveholders required no threats from their Southern brethren to consent to a compact convenient to both. It is very true, Sir, that there were compromises, and that there were deliberate declarations, but they had no reference to the surrender of runaway slaves. I have pointed out your historical mistake, not because it has the remotest bearing on your justification, but because you seem to think that it has.

From the Cleveland (Ohio) True Democrat.  
**A WARNING AND A CALL TO ACTION.**  
The infamous Fugitive Slave Law—How long shall it continue to send a Memorial of Shame to our Country?  
Let Freemen answer this question, in such a way, as to penetrate the dull ears of this iniquitous Administration, by whose influence it passed through the forms of law.  
We propose a National Convention of ALL who are opposed to this vile law, to be held on the 4th of July next, at Buffalo, Cleveland or Pittsburgh. By this law, the President and a majority of Congress have endeavored to nationalize Slavery, and extend its loathsome tyranny to the Free States.—Let a stand be made against it on the anniversary of that day, when our glorious old fathers, in the name of the living God, and in the face of the world, proclaimed the truth, that 'ALL MEN ARE BY NATURE CREATED EQUAL, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' The day is, and should ever be held sacred to impartial liberty.  
There is now, as there was in '76, occasion to reiterate those immortal truths, and to give them a practical application to the present necessities of the present day. The Fugitive Slave Law, as it is now carried into execution, will break down all the guarantees of personal liberty and security contained in the Constitution of the United States, and the several State Constitutions.  
It is a practical repeal and subversion of the Federal Constitution, and a nullification or pettifoggery of the rights of the President, and the rights of the people, and a mockery of the law. It is a revolutionary measure—this most wicked and oppressive law, the President has threatened to execute by military force—a mercenary soldiery are to be quartered on the people, and paid out of their hard earnings, to compel them, by the terror of the sword and bayonet, to stand still and see free men, women and children kidnapped into perpetual slavery by ruffians in the pay of Government.  
The President and his Cabinet threaten to turn this hideous malignant Republic into a military despotism, for the infernal purpose of seizing and binding freemen, to be returned into eternal slavery.  
The alternative presented to us is, either to permit our free States to become the hunting ground of kidnappers from the slave States, and to have unpaid mercenaries in villany, or to have taxes levied upon our industry to support an army to quench with our blood our sympathy with the oppressed.  
Shall we, of the Free States, tamely submit to such insolence and outrage? Shall we crouch and cringe under these threats of a weak President and his dishonest and pro-slavery Secretary of State? If we do, the next step will be to turn the bayonets of their hireling mercenaries against the free utterance of our indignation at these corruptions and usurpations. If we do, richly shall we deserve to become the driving winds of an upstart and insolent oligarchy, warmed into life and made formidable alone through the support of a perpetual slave army, who, then, will not second this call? It is a matter of no narrow or partisan designs. Narrow and bigoted, ambitious and corrupt partisans will not favor it. But will not those who love the Republic—who love the Union as a means for the preservation of a pure, not a corrupt and partisan, DEMOCRACY, will not all the honest Military Despotism, and have faith in the People, second this call?  
The meeting is not designed to make Presidential nominations, but for counsel, preparation, and organization, to meet any crisis which the exigencies of Liberty may demand. May we not hope, then, for a prompt and decided answer from all friendly to the cause of American Liberty?

## THE PROCLAMATION.

The issuing of the President's Proclamation against the rebel rebellion in an act of supererogatory folly and wickedness. It was a pompous effort at executive dignity and consequence, to appease the ever-craving demands of slavery. How humiliating for the government of these United States, thus to put itself on the track of a fugitive, at the dictation of plantation drivers! If the compromises have not made slaves of the Administration, then there are no slaves. If we suppose if Fillmore had refused to issue that proclamation, after the solemn cabinet counsel with Clay and others to advise it, then a warrant would have been issued at once for 'my boy Millard.' We don't know how the unfortunate chattel could have escaped, unless by flight or rescue—there would have been no hope from the law. How contemptibly service that Proclamation! Language is entirely ineffectual to describe the meanness of the act, and the disgrace of it before the world.

Did ever a Government voluntarily take such broad strides for oppression? Haym is out-done. No wonder President Fillmore dare not go to London to the World's Fair. Barclay & Perkins' Brewery is not very far from Hyde Park. Although European Governments are desperate and despotic, and have a great respect for all slaveholders, yet their people hate tyrants, and especially hunters of fugitives. Look at the gratuitous watch-care it offers for slavery. It is no new thing to break the law in defence of slavery. About the time of this rescue, the law was broken in Springfield, Mass., mostly by the officials of the government, in mobbing Thompson, the European Reformer, Republican and Abolitionist. The United States mails are frequently broken open by slaveholders, hunting sparks of incendiary mischief. The agents of the Northern States have been insulted and driven from the South, when they were there on legal business. Lovejoy was killed in this State! All these were in defence of slavery, but no proclamation was ever issued by the President. But poor fugitive is rushed out to sea, and saved from the process of legal kidnapping by a few men of his own color, and behold! the biggest dog of all the pack, John Tyler Fillmore, is off at once upon the scent, and commands all good dogs to follow. We trust that dogs of this breed are scarce in Massachusetts.—Western Citizen.

## A FACT.

Gov. Hubbard has set apart the tenth day of April to be observed in fasting and prayer.

What a pity it is that the rulers of the land keep up this heathenish custom, when they know that so large a portion of the people will spend the day in drinking, gambling, and other vices! I call it a heathenish custom, because real Christians never observe such ceremonies. They do their fasting and prayer daily as they pass along through life. They do not attempt to heap up enough of it in one day, to last a whole year; neither do they 'sin as with a cart-rop' a whole year, and then try to settle the account with God and their consciences in a day. All days are sacred to real Christians, and such ceremonies as the Governor calls on the people to perform are, at best, but husks and chaff.

He wants the people to assemble at their temples and unite in fervent supplication to Almighty God, that he would continue to us the blessings of his providence and his grace, &c. &c., in opposition to the commands of this same Almighty, who declares that the fast he has chosen is to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and break every yoke; to deal bread to the hungry, to bring to their houses the poor that are cast out, to clothe the naked and hide not from the needy. This is the fast that God requires, but Gov. Hubbard recommends us as different as darkness and light are different. What a mockery it would be to call this a fast! Gov. Hubbard and his flacks at the temples, whining and pleading for God to forgive them as they forgive others, while poor fugitives from bondage—innocent men, women and children, are skulking through the town to the dominions of Victoria, to escape from laws which rank them with brutes—laws which Gov. Hubbard has bound himself by a solemn oath to execute, if called on. It is a mockery to call this a fast, when the fast he has chosen is to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and break every yoke; to deal bread to the hungry, to bring to their houses the poor that are cast out, to clothe the naked and hide not from the needy. This is the fast that God requires, but Gov. Hubbard recommends us as different as darkness and light are different. What a mockery it would be to call this a fast! Gov. Hubbard and his flacks at the temples, whining and pleading for God to forgive them as they forgive others, while poor fugitives from bondage—innocent men, women and children, are skulking through the town to the dominions of Victoria, to escape from laws which rank them with brutes—laws which Gov. Hubbard has bound himself by a solemn oath to execute, if called on. 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